

# *The* EPAULET

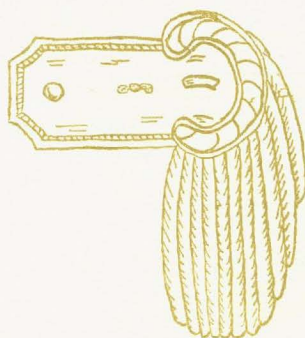
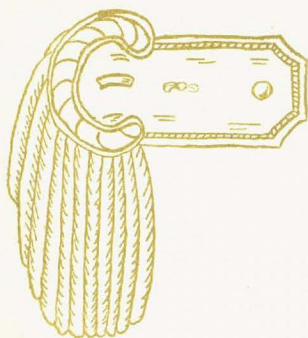
Summer, 1941



MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE  
FREDERICKSBURG  
VIRGINIA



# *The* EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of  
Expressing Them Make Literature*



# *The* EPAULET

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by the STUDENTS of  
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE  
*under the Guidance of The Modern Portias*

---

---

VOL. I

SUMMER, 1941

No. 4

---

---

*Co-Editors-in-Chief*

PEARL POWELL SMITH

EDNA PHIPPINS

*Literary Editors*

ROSEMARY FAIRBANK

LILLIAN LAMBERT

VIRGINIA HOOKE

CLARA RICHARDS

ELMER WILLIS FOSTER

VERNA EDITH HULL

*Art Editor*

ALOISE BRILL

*Business Staff*

BUSINESS MANAGERS

CIRCULATION MANAGER

LOLA M. SEWELL

NANCY HARPER

BOWIE W. DUNN

*Typist*

FRANCES MORRISSETTE

DR. GEORGE EARLIE SHANKLE

*Sponsor, Approving Editor, and Director of Publication*





# CONTENTS



## PAGE

Mary Washington College, <i>Bowie White Dunn</i> .....	4
Thank You, <i>George E. Shankle</i> .....	5
Attitudes, <i>Robert F. Caverlee</i> .....	6
From Dormitory to Dormitory Via Taxi, <i>Mary Buckley</i> .....	7
A Character Found in a Barnyard, <i>Barbara Ann Guinn</i> .....	8
Why Some Folks Go To Church, <i>Barbara Ann Guinn</i> .....	8
Beauties of Nature, <i>Lola M. Sewell</i> .....	9
My Beloved Teacher, <i>J. E. Victory</i> .....	10
For Art, <i>Lola M. Sewell</i> .....	10
A Little Country Church, <i>Rebecca Brown</i> .....	11
Leprosy, <i>Sallie Duncan Woolfolk</i> .....	12
Nature, <i>Mary Louise Woolfolk</i> .....	13
The Dove and The Cat, <i>Blanche Meadows</i> .....	15
The Self With Whom You Live, <i>Bowie White Dunn</i> .....	16
To A Vulture, <i>Jean Yvonne Applegate</i> .....	16
Hints for Entertaining Children From An "Old Sister," <i>Lola M. Sewell</i> .....	17
Deep Love, <i>Virginia Hooke</i> .....	18
Summer Freshmen, <i>Mildred Gray</i> .....	19
Food for Thought, <i>Vashti Hammett</i> .....	20
In Youth, <i>Mitchell Forrest Luck</i> .....	20
What? A Prophecy, <i>Hazel Wood</i> .....	21
Yo Ho, <i>Rosemary Fairbank</i> .....	21
A Boy's Mystery, <i>Clara Richards</i> .....	22
A Quarter of a Century of Progress, <i>Pearl Powell Smith</i> .....	23
Two Loves, <i>Rosemary Fairbank</i> .....	24
Freddie, <i>Louise G. Davies</i> .....	24
One Stormy Day, <i>Vicky Suddard</i> .....	25
Mother, <i>Mary Hooke</i> .....	26
Appraisal, <i>Mitchell Forrest Luck</i> .....	26
An Early Morning Drive, <i>Bessie M. Tayloe</i> .....	27
The Dandelion and The Bee, <i>Mary P. Treakle</i> .....	28
Today, <i>Mary P. Treakle</i> .....	28
Friends, <i>Muriel Jordan</i> .....	29
A Tribute.....	29
Childish Prattle, <i>Lillian Lambert</i> .....	30
Love's Strategy, <i>Mary Hooke</i> .....	30
Regret, <i>Mary Hooke</i> .....	31
Greetings, <i>Bill</i> .....	31
Dedication.....	32

# *Mary Washington College*

*By*

BOWIE WHITE DUNN

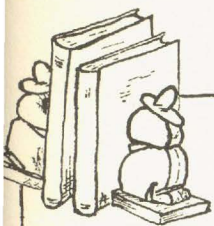
When first I came to Fredericksburg,  
The college was the State Normal School;  
To me it was a garden spot,  
I loved its every rule.

That was many years ago,  
It has grown by a leap and bound  
Until today it's Mary Washington College,  
With its stately grandeur and renown.

Students come from far and near  
Its courses to pursue;  
For there are as good professors here  
As one'll find the whole world through.

The buildings are of brick,  
With ivy vines entwined;  
No prettier spot to me is found,  
That's why I ever return.

May Mary Washington continue to expand  
Until you know no bounds,  
Where students may receive higher degrees,  
As they do in many other towns.



## Thank You

THE summer school edition of THE EPAULET makes its appearance. We hope that you will derive the same amount of pleasure from reading it as those of us who helped create it obtained in planning and making it a reality. The students of the regular year established this magazine with the November edition in 1940; but this is the first group of summer students who have written, edited, and published their own copy of it.

They worked like Trojans getting subscriptions, writing poems, short stories, essays, and sketches to supply the subject matter. They now have the opportunity of testing the truthfulness of the old adage which says that there is more pleasure in pursuit than there is in possessing a thing. They find that there is satisfaction and pleasure to be had from knowing that they have brought this undertaking to completion.

Just as great oaks from little acorns grow, so they anticipate that their continued planning and efforts will bring into existence other EPAULETS, larger and better still. THE EPAULET is pro-

duced by and for the students and alumnae of Mary Washington College. It is designed to give them the opportunity of doing worthwhile writing for the sheer joy of doing it.

It is the intention of the sponsor, the editors, and the other members of the staff that THE EPAULET will be published during the first quarter of each succeeding summer school. In so doing it is their desire that the summer students, the students of the regular session, the alumnae, and the members of the college faculty may come to know each other better, develop closer ties of sympathy, understanding, and coöperation in creating a worthy medium for putting in printed form their common literary creations.

To the students who contributed articles, time, effort, subscriptions, or in any other way helped to make the summer school EPAULET a reality, and to our friends and well wishers, the business men of Fredericksburg, who so kindly paid for advertising space in this edition, the sponsor and the members of the staff say, *We Thank You.*

GEORGE E. SHANKLE,  
*Approving Editor.*



# Attitudes

*By*

ROBERT F. CAVERLEE

THERE was a time when the word attitude dealt solely with the posture of the body; however, it has grown in meaning until now it indicates the postures of the inner life. Attitudes have grown until they are the mirrors which reflect our convictions, ideals and sympathies. We see the sociologist writing of healthy and unhealthy attitudes of society. We see the newspapers writing of the attitudes of nations toward certain new movements. The word has crept into the questionnaires regarding teachers or others who are applying for positions of leadership. So our attitudes today are tremendously important. In this hour of crisis, nationally, and internationally, we need to re-think the fact of our attitudes.

While we are marshaling our resources to maintain our place in the jumbled plan of the world, we are concerned with defense of our shores of civilization and culture. With the plan already made and with the mighty possibilities wrapped in the American spirit we need have no fear of outside aggression. Our greatest fear is from within. The uncertainty of our attitudes toward fundamental things, the wrong attitude toward the entire situation, attitudes which might indicate the decay of inner man. The words of Goldsmith are not to be taken lightly:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills  
a prey, when wealth accumulates and  
men decay."

We might add power, and thus define our situation.

Let us examine our attitude toward the whole situation in general. There are many who reveal the careless, apathetic attitude. They seem to say, "let the situation roll, let it come out anyway it will." This attitude is productive of a dark fatalism—the rock upon which civilizations founder.

Then there is the attitude of the all-sufficient. This is the attitude that rests its security in man-made schemes and political expedencies. This attitude needs considerable re-thinking as any success of man-made schemes may tend to a certain developing ego which forgets that, after all, civilization rests not upon those things which man may conceive or make, but upon spiritual ideals, a developing and growing religious life in which morals and human relationships find their source.

Then there is the attitude of a certain resentment against conditions as they are. This gives rise to a certain arrogance which erects barriers, preventing sane reasoning and constructive criticism of the problems caused by world conditions and inner crises.

Perhaps our solution of the problem of our attitudes is best worked out in the considering of two men for the study of their attitudes toward world conditions.



Shakespeare created the character of Hamlet and his well-known words:

"The time is out of joint; O cursed  
spite,

That ever I was born to set it right."

His attitude was one of resentment and yet he seemed to have a feeling that the solution of the problems and ills of the world rested squarely upon him. He had no desire to help in the making or the re-creation of a society where the wrongs of mankind might be made right and the world made a place livable for men under peace and righteousness. The antithesis of this attitude is found in Christ Jesus when he says:

"But for this cause came I unto this hour."

In the statement above Christ realized and revealed that only through a Christly character and personality of

righteousness could the world be blest with a new order, wrongs righted and society lifted above the low-flung level of sin, selfishness, and inequality.

Christ was willing to offer himself even unto death to accomplish God's plan of the "abundant life" for all men, the ignorant and the wise, the high and the low, the rich and the poor.

In re-thinking our attitudes of the day, our dark horizons of this day shadowed in war and suffering, spiritual and material bankruptcy can be cleared to take on the roseate hue of the promise of a new day if our attitudes reveal a mighty faith, and unswerving courage, a sense of fidelity to holy things expressed in this following verse:

"To serve this present age  
My calling to fulfill,  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will."

## From Dormitory to Dormitory Via Taxi

*By*

MARY BUCKLEY

AT 10:15 the big iron gates at Mary Washington College are locked each night. On July 3, at 10:30 P. M., a call for help was heard outside of Mrs. Charles Lake Bushnell's door. A student who was attending Mary Washington College for the first time, and was residing at Betty Lewis, had been very studious and was locked in.

After much anxiety and excitement a taxi pulled up to the entrance behind Chandler Hall and took her safely around the block, downtown, and back to Betty Lewis just in time to get her in before the doors were locked.

# *A Character Found In A Barnyard*

*By*

BARBARA ANN GUINN

Placidly waddling on her way  
To get some food and drink,  
Having not a thing to say  
As her beady eyes she winked.  
She will gurgle what she drinks;  
She will gobble what she eats.  
She knows she has no attractive figure.  
She knows she has no envied form,  
But what difference does it make?  
To a jolly little duck,  
Having a pond,  
Personality,  
And fuzzy yellow down?



# *Why Some Folks Go To Church*

*By*

BARBARA ANN GUINN

Some folks go to church on Sunday morn  
To find out all the news.  
Others, the preacher to scorn,  
And their neighbors to abuse.  
Some ladies, just to note the styles,  
"To see what's being worn."  
Still others quietly away the time do while  
By noting the crooked lights and carpet torn.  
They do not receive the full worth  
From the worship of their King  
If they spend their time in mirth  
While some others try to sing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"They" are not the only ones to ponder.  
I go to church. But why? — I wonder.

# Beauties of Nature

By

LOLA M. SEWELL

“**C**OME, you little blue-eyed rascal,” a big, husky, kind voice called; and out of bed I scrambled to join Dad for our usual early morning stroll down to the garden, which lay just beyond a little brook that babbled its way on through the meadow and off into the pasture land. Often I would sit on the soft green grass under willow trees and watch Dad work with his plants, answer the call of various birds that flitted about among the tree tops, or observe the ants busily building their homes.

Early one morning as we were walking down the dewy pathway, a little meadow lark swished out of the grass, perched himself saucily upon a wild-rose bush nearby and sang out, “Wheat-forty-cents-a-bushel. Wheat-forty-cents-a-bushel! Chee-chee-chee!” We stopped and Dad said to me, “We must watch that young fellow, for he must have a little wife and maybe some wee babies there.” Childlike, every day I quietly searched for the home of our little feathered friend. At last I found it nestled snugly in the grass, about a rod from the path, and safely protected from the outside world by the overhanging wild roses. Three little speckled eggs were hidden there. I eagerly watched and waited for those eggs to hatch.

I think my father had an object lesson in his mind, because often I had asked, “Daddy, where did I come from?”

One beautiful morning as we sat in our favorite spot under the old willow tree watching a glorious sunrise, and discussing the arrival of the baby birds, Dad said very gently to me, “Did you notice, little girl, how those tiny meadow larks developed from what seemed to be nothing into eggs, then birds? So it is with you, my dear, and with us all. Birds have found a place to hide their young for protection; and God in His infinite wisdom has provided a way for man . . .” Thus was revealed wisely and beautifully a wonderful story.

There comes a time in every parent and teacher’s life when this secret must be told to their children. If every child might be told as wisely and beautifully as my father told me, I really believe there would be many better children in the world today.

I do not think that one has truly lived until he has witnessed the beauties of a new dawning day. He must have spent some little time with God’s gifts—the flowers, the trees, the birds, and the babbling brooks—to enjoy life as it was intended.



# *My Beloved Teacher*

*By*

J. E. VICTORY

A summer morn is not so fair as thou art.  
The mist is like thy dear soft hair when bound not.  
Thy smile is sweeter than the air tho' fragrant.  
The sky has not the beauty of thine eyes,  
Without their light the flowers will die,  
Their joy's unknown to every brook that sighs.  
Thy soul shines in thine eyes.  
Of all the gifts that God has giv'n to me  
No other gift compares, my dear, with thee,  
Yet memory is all that's left to me,  
For thou hast gone so far away.  
Thy gentle spirit pure and kind doth stay  
In mem'ry's hall to lead me on for aye  
One step toward God each day.



# *For Art*

*By*

LOLA M. SEWELL

"What love is like, indeed, has oft been told,"  
Yet painting a picture for moderate walls,  
Or tapestries to glorify great halls,  
If full of color be your brush and bold  
Your strokes, forgetting not gray threads and gold,  
I think like this true love may somewhat be  
A treasure few do keep, but all would see  
Right beautiful when new, most rare grown old.

Let beauty guide. How or where you choose.  
A harmony, the pattern shows,  
Created from life's whole and all wrought true.



# A Little Country Church

By

REBECCA BROWN

OLD churches have always had a peculiar fascination for me, and I rarely see one without wanting to stop and explore it. Often the door is locked, and I turn away with a feeling of genuine disappointment.

Why should church doors ever be locked? Don't people need on every day, as well as on Sunday, to go into God's house, and in the shadow of His presence to spend a few moments in meditation and in prayer? The slight spiritual refreshment we receive on Sunday is expected to give sustenance over too long a period of time.

Last fall while I was driving along a country road in the extreme south-central part of Virginia, I came upon a small, white weather-boarded church, set a little back from the road. It looked old, interesting, and lonely.

The church yard was enclosed by a rusty iron fence, and the gate stood slightly open. Having accepted its invitation, I entered. Despite the presence of an old oak tree, the yard was a picture of desolation and neglect. There was no path. Bushes, briars, and weeds grew rampant, and a vivid imagination had no difficulty in fancying that the slight movement of the high grass was occasioned by the slithering of snakes through it.

My face was forward. I would not turn back. I stepped cautiously upon

the half-rotten steps and pushed open a protesting door.

The sun, shining through stained-glass windows, cast a mellow gold throughout the room. A quiet radiance seemed to pervade the building and I stepped softly.

The furnishings of this church seemed intact; no evidence of vandalism was there. Maybe the undisturbed condition arose from a certain innate reverence for the Lord's building; or more likely, it arose from a superstitious fear of the punishment that God would surely send on marauders.

Oil lamps in brackets and half-filled with deep yellow oil were attached to the walls, and a large hanging lamp was suspended from the center of the building. A small flat-topped and very plain organ that had once been used in the praise of the Lord was now closed and dusty. Two stoves of intricate workmanship that had at the top little attached urns for holding water furnished the once adequate heating system. The red cushions around the altar seemed waiting for one to kneel in prayer and receive communion. Red carpeting was there for the purpose of silencing footsteps in the aisles. Hymn books were lying both open and closed on the plain wooden benches. Crumbling leaves blown through the half-open doors and through the cracks in the windows were scattered in the aisles,

between the pews, and on the pulpit. The whole place seemed a habitat for bats and owls and other creatures seeking a sanctuary.

Could a preacher have once stood in that forsaken pulpit and declared, "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.'?"

With head reverently bent, I slipped out of the building. A little way down the road, I met a farmer walking leisurely back to the field after his noon-day meal. I stopped, ostensibly to pretend to ask for directions, but really to satisfy my curiosity. In reply to my question he answered, "Yes, lady, it's

an old Episcopal Church, but they haven't had any preaching in it for a good long time. The preacher from Clover used to come out here once a month and hold services, but all the members have moved away or died except one woman, and she stays sick most of the time." I waited. He shifted his quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth and continued, "They do say there's some talk of a fellow around here trying to get in touch with the right folks and buying it for a place to pack tobacco."

Dear little church, your duty done, your usefulness ended, I pray for a more fitting close to your life of service.

## Leprosy

*By*

SALLIE DUNCAN WOOLFOLK

Oh, Friends, I beseech thee, heed this message I bring,  
Leprosy of the soul is a damning thing.  
Sin is this leprosy so deadly and sure;  
Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the only cure.

The Jewish maid's witness shed light as a mighty tower;  
Thus Naaman found the Saviour and His cleansing power,  
Oh, Follower of Christ, a witness thou must be,  
Tell others how God's love and mercy hath redeemed thee.



# Nature

By

MARY LOUISE WOOLFOLK

YES, I used to think to really have an enjoyable time I had to be with someone else. I have said many times, "I know I should walk more. But what pleasure is there in walking when there is no one with whom to walk and no place to go? I like to ride horseback, too; but there is no fun going alone." But I hope I shall never feel so again.

There is nothing I enjoy more in the fall than to romp down across a lovely green meadow to the gulch below where many of the beauties of nature are hidden from the mere passerby. There I can lie at the foot of a stately old pine tree and let my thoughts drift with the fleecy clouds which float above me. There I can dream my dreams, utter my prayers, thrash out my problems, or voice my feelings, whatever the mood may be, with only an occasioned inquisitive little squirrel or chipmunk or timid little jack rabbit as an intruder. Sometimes I fall asleep in this position.

However, the season of the year and time of day doesn't permit such idleness for any great length of time. One must be up and moving. And what a shame it would be to give up the delights further on for the entanglement of the thoughts in my own mind. The ripple of the stream below, the spicy flavor of the fresh green water-cress, the puzzle of crossing the swamp with-

out any mishap, and the ascent up the opposite bank are much more delightful than the unraveling of thoughts.

"It won't be hard to follow the gulch down on this side," Mr. Drake had said. "But you may have a hard time getting through the brush and swamp on the other side." That made the attempt the more thrilling, even though it was almost dark when I started. There is a call from nature which is irresistible when the cares of the day are thrown aside and the beauties which God has made replace them. Sometimes this alone can bring rest to the tired mind and soul.

The run through the lane to the edge of the pasture in the opposite direction is no less enticing. The big old pinions form a mansion of nature with the birds twittering in the eaves and the frisky squirrels chattering and running across the floor and through the halls. But before dusk begins to fall elsewhere, everything in this secluded spot is at rest. How strange that it should be so quiet and peaceful here when only a few hundred feet away the almost human and incessant cries of the coyotes can be heard. Yet there is something about those mournful cries which holds me in a trance as I stand and gaze toward the mountains while the twilight shadows envelop the earth, the stars peep out one by one and the moon glides above the crest of the hill.

Then just a half turn brings a vision of the twinkling eyes of the comfortable homes in the distance. The thought of those who are watching and waiting brings forth mind and feet to action, and I leave my dreams to take flight on the wings of the wind.

As each season opens I imagine I like it best. Each one has its own beauties and miracles which are not comparable in any way to anything produced by man and his inventions. I think there is nothing more beautiful or inspiring than a landscape just after a snowstorm. I love to walk the quarter of a mile of winding road up the hill just above our school house while the fluffy white snow is still clinging to the evergreen trees. The earth looks so white and clean, so pure and sinless, and so tranquil and peaceful in its mantel of white that it lifts the soul and purifies the heart.

Winter brings not only beautiful scenery, but also thrilling sports as well. It is wonderful to "whizz" on a sled down through those evergreen trees laden with snow. It doesn't even dampen the spirits to go rolling into a bank of that soft, fluffy, white mass, while the sled which refused to make the turn shoots off in the opposite direction. However, if it happens to be icy, a "skid" down or across the road isn't quite so pleasant. Nor is it so pleasant for the driver of a bob-sled when a snow bank must be substituted for a brake. On a crisp, cold evening when the snow is hard and firm and perhaps a little icy, the weight of a dozen people on one big bob-sled

sends it speeding toward its destination. And even though we are freightened from the time the sled starts until we are assured that no one is hurt after being hurled into a snow bank, we are all ready to go again the next time. I believe I get just as much thrill and perhaps more good out of a swift run to the top and a flying ride to the bottom of a hill before breakfast in the morning. I often stand at the crest of one and watch the rising sun as it crowns the surrounding hilltops with glory.

The sunset here is as glorious as the sunrise. I love to stand at the window of a cozy living-room and watch the crimson sky as the sun slips from view and the twilight shadows begin to envelop the earth.

One of my fond hopes cherished since childhood is to be able to get a big basket and scamper into the woods nutting in the fall. It would make fond dreams come true to see "the chestnuts fall from the satin burrs," gather our own childhood beads, the chinquapins, and carry my basket laden with nuts home to be roasted or cracked in the glow of the winter's fire. Then at the Yuletide to come from these same woods laden with green, waxy holly brightened by big red berries, shoots of running cedar and bunches of mistletoe with its waxy berries would surely add happiness and joy to the festivity of the season.

What a shame that so often we think we are too busy to enjoy the beauties of nature! It is a satisfying food for the hungry soul.



# The Dove and The Cat

*By*

BLANCHE MEADOWS

AS a little girl my greatest delight in summer was to visit my grandmother in the country. I enjoyed slipping away from the house and riding the plow or the plow horses. Even though I was a girl, I could climb any apple tree and find the biggest and best apples.

One day grandmother and I went to take something to an old colored woman who was ill. She had a lot of ring doves. When I got ready to leave, she gave me one. I named her Little Dove. Uncle Bill fixed a cage for my new pet. I fed her on wheat. When I went back home to town in the mountains, I took her with me. The railway conductor even let me keep her with me in my seat.

For years I had had an old black and white cat. At first she was jealous of my dove, but after much training I taught her to love and care for Little Dove. She would lie behind the stove and Little Dove would rest on one paw while the cat put the other paw over her. When I let the dove out in the yard, the cat would watch over her.

She would chase away all other cats or animals who came near.

Once Little Dove was out in the yard. The cat was at the screen door inside trying to get out. The bird was making a most peculiar noise. I ran to the door and found that a snake had charmed my pet. I screamed. Mother ran out and grabbed a hoe. The snake fled, but she killed it as it glided up the side of the house.

Another day I was away on a picnic. Little Dove was out again, and the cat was shut inside the house. A stray cat caught the dove and took her across the creek to a barrel on the back porch of an empty house where were her kittens.

When I got home, I couldn't find my pet anywhere. My cat kept crying and running down the path as if she wanted me to follow her. She led me to the place where Little Dove's feathers were. I wept and the cat seemed to grieve, too. In a few days she brought me some little kittens and seemed to try to say, "See, I've brought you these to take the place of Little Dove."

# *The Self With Whom You Live*

*By*

BOWIE WHITE DUNN

The self with whom you have to live  
Was not given you at birth;  
It is something you are creating  
As you live your life day-by-day.

Self-mastery, facing naked truth,  
Life's greatest achievement to give,  
Constantly remaking yourself,  
So at last you know how to live.

I'm glad I've had my trials,  
For I have gained peace of mind,  
Understanding and tolerance  
Of others, which we all must find.

For self-command is important for a  
Wholesome and worthwhile life;  
Cultivate poise, strength, and aspiration,  
And you will survive any strife.



# *To A Vulture*

*By*

JEAN YVONNE APPLGATE

Filthy and ungraceful bird,  
Devourer of corrupted flesh,  
Scavenger of the winged world,  
Prowler in quest of Death,  
Soaring high up in the air,  
You cast a shadow like a shroud  
Upon the earth beneath.

# Hints For Entertaining Children

## From An "Old Sister"

*By*

LOLA M. SEWELL

**O**FTENTIMES one is called upon to talk or to tell a story both to large and to small groups of children. They are generally noisy, restless, and unattentive unless something unusual is done to attract and to hold their attention.

When the speaker steps before a group of children to tell them a story, she should hold up some object before them. It does not matter what the object may be. Anything will do that will attract the attention and get the children to look straight at it. One may even light a candle or ring a bell. In the first few words spoken, the narrator must show that what is done has some relation to the story to be told; for instance, holding up a match, she may say: "This match is very small and weak; but when it is lighted, it may light a candle and lead to the lighting of many, many candles. One little girl or boy may be like the match, very small and weak; but he or she

may be able to bring about wonderful accomplishments in the world."

It is better to select a simple story which appeals to the interest of the children, preferably a story about a child. It must be serious rather than humorous, for children are naturally idealistic and have the greatest respect for serious thoughts if they are presented simply enough for them to readily understand. Attractiveness of manner and pleasantness of speech will do much to prevent disorder or inattentiveness on the part of children.

The story must be short and devoid of cruel, unkind, coarse, or vulgar details. The minds of small children cannot grasp a long series of details. It is far better to hold the attention of children firmly fixed for a few minutes than it is to have the poor attention of them for a longer period of time. One single point of emphasis should be stressed such as kindness, truth, duty, or loyalty.



# Deep Love

By

VIRGINIA HOOKE

It's strange how we change,  
How the fierce fires of youth burn out,  
Leaving in the place of flame and crackle only ashes.  
Not cold ashes, but warm—  
Rich in potash, so the chemists say;  
But we know that they are rich in the things of life, like  
Friendship, after love has had its day.  
Understanding, so deep that we no longer  
Need explain all our doings.  
Sorrow, long past, that has made life richer.  
Death, that we have both watched,  
And had our faith renewed.  
Youthful doubts of God and Eternity gone forever.  
Yes, we're changed and while my heart  
Still sings at thoughts of you,  
It is not the wild throbbing that once it knew;  
But a newer note of peace, contentment, joy, and hope.  
And what was once "great thrill" at thought of you  
Is now deep honor and respect.  
You no longer look at me with passion in your eyes,  
But eyes laden with tenderness and understanding,  
Gleaned from much living these many years.  
Oh, my Dear, I would not for the world exchange this  
Evening hour of our life for anyone's uncertain morning.



# Summer Freshmen

*By*

MILDRED GRAY

**P**OOOR sad little girl! What a great pity that each town does not have a college where she could stay at home. The joy of knowing definitely that she was coming to Mary Washington thrilled her. She was busy for weeks, planning, buying, and flitting about. Then the tearful good-byes and promises to write. At last the wonderful day arrived, and she regretfully kissed her loved ones, lingering as long as possible before she boarded the train. All the way she remembered little that happened because she stared into space recalling vividly incidents of her last few days at home.

Fredericksburg! She descended the steps, looked around the station, crowded with laughing girls and bright suitcases, and caught a taxi to the college. She had read of the beauty of the campus, but did not see it when she alighted from the taxi. She had heard of the wonderful personalities who guided the girls, but didn't appre-

ciate them because already she was homesick.

A drab room for the first night without a roommate! She wept until the wee hours of the morning, finally having sunk into semi-consciousness, a world where worries pass into nothingness.

Morning came so soon that she did not awake in time for breakfast. Then came a day filled with activities, registration, having changed her mind a dozen times or so while she was meeting new people and adapting herself to a new surrounding. A likeable roommate brightened the day. A smile, a few kind words, a different look around the campus, and she became a new person.

Within twenty-four hours she appreciated the beauty of her surroundings and she became interested in the personalities with whom she came into contact. The happenings that she treasured yesterday were pushed back and more recent pleasures took their places.

# Food For Thought

By

VASHTI HAMMETT

HOW many of us realize the value of our freedom? How many of us have thought about it? It seems that we are taking our freedom too much for granted. We have always had it. Our great country had as its cornerstone *freedom*. Our forefathers labored long and earnestly to secure for us our heritage of liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness.

Have we stopped to realize that some day a great force may take from us this precious possession?

Let us do something before it is too late to secure, for all time, our freedom.



## In Youth

By

MITCHELL FORREST LUCK

Why should rain fill me with such an urge  
To write?

It might

Be that it prompts my cluttered soul to purge,

To fight

The senseless stones heavy to submerge,

The light

Of my life, to drown the flame of courage.

I will not be

Daunted by the half-truths that mock,

The why's and why-not's, the yea's and nay's that flock

Round about me.

I will dare

To live my life, to nurture with watchfulness

The dim flare

Of a potential hearts-warming fire,

Gathering the cold and affrighted in its warm caress;

So I aspire.

# What?

## A Prophecy

By

HAZEL WOOD

AS it has been said, Mary Washington College has progressed in the past quarter of a century, but that's nothing to compare with the way it will progress in the next century.

These buildings that are so modern now later will be antique because then each door will open as one enters and will automatically close without students' allowing them to come to with a horrible "bang!" Touch a button, the windows will rise, beds fold, chairs spread, and rooms automatically clean themselves.

No one will have to walk from building to building, for each student will be equipped with a set of wings by means of which she may rise and be on her way.

Our bodies will not be nourished by food which takes us fifteen or twenty

minutes to eat, but just a tablet, and forward march.

There will not be one official at Mary Washington College from police to president without a Ph. D.

Because of television students will be able to turn on the radios in their dormitories and obtain the instructions of their professors, given while the latter are reclining in their stately mansions. Professors will be endowed with the power to determine the ability of the students without requiring them to copy the contents of the library in order to give them a "grade," for such things will be of little importance in that enlightened age. Instead of "cramming" they will be concerned with the beauty of their surroundings and congenial friends, for they will consider that the process of education is living rather than preparation for living.



## Yo Ho!

By

ROSEMARY FAIRBANK

Yo ho!

You bully sailor-man.

You're sailing for a distant land,

A land of palm trees, tropical flowers,

Sparkling streams, green leafy bowers.

You're sailing for a distant land,

You lucky sailor-man.

# *A Boy's Mystery*

*By*

CLARA RICHARDS

Dear Santa Claus, now who are you?  
My sister says it's surely true  
That you are just a fairy dear  
Who comes to see us once a year.

Kind Santa Claus, how do you look?  
My brother says one night he took  
A peep while you were at the tree.  
Oh, gee! why didn't he awaken me?

Good Santa Claus, you come, but how?  
My mother just will not allow  
Us boys to sit up late that night  
To see if you get in all right.

Nice Santa Claus, please help me out.  
My father says there is a doubt  
About your coming to see us boys.  
I'd like to know who brings those toys?



# A Quarter of A Century of Progress

By

PEARL POWELL SMITH

IT is good to go back to familiar places where many happy hours have been spent in years gone by, to renew old friendships and just relive some of the past pleasures. That is what I have found myself doing since my return to Mary Washington College after having been away since 1917.

More pleasant, though than all of that is the noticeable amount of progress that our Alma Mater has made in a quarter of a century. We are all proud of Mary Washington, and justly so, for she is constantly going forward at a rapid pace.

There are few on this campus who remember it as it was when we first saw it. Dr. Roy S. Cook, Miss Nora Willis, and Mrs. Ferneyhough are still with us and ably carrying on their efficient work.

Speaking of faculty members there was not a Ph. D. on the campus at that time. Just think of the number here now! It is almost impossible to walk around the campus today without meeting Ph. D.'s, M. A.'s, A. B.'s, B. A.'s, B. S.'s, and what not, going and coming.

The only person whom we ever addressed as doctor then was Dr. Smith,

who was a practicing physician in Fredericksburg. He came out to the Normal School, as it was then called, each morning and visited all girls who were sick.

When this was known as the Fredericksburg State Normal School, there were only three buildings on the campus. Willard Hall was the largest dormitory and considered by many of us decidedly the most desirable because the dining-room was located on the first floor. We never dreamed of having such a lovely dining-hall as Seaco-beck is with its spacious and beautiful dome room. Where this building now stands was the site of our gardens over which we labored under the direction of Miss Eula D. Atkinson.

In Monroe Hall were the postoffice, supply room, all class rooms, swimming pool and gymnasium. The changes here, each a definite mark of progress, are so numerous that one would find it quite a difficult task to list even the most outstanding ones. We were happy here in those days, and received much that has proved beneficial in the years that have followed; but those who have come after us have had many advantages, privileges, and conveniences of which we never dreamed.

## *Two Loves*

*By*

ROSEMARY FAIRBANK

The first one was cynical,  
Sharp, and cold as ice.  
The second one was different,  
He was really quite nice.

The first one was a robber,  
Bold, and very gay.  
He kissed me in the moonlight,  
And stole my heart away.

The second one was quiet,  
Courteous, and kind.  
He gave me thoughts of precious gold  
To treasure in my mind.



## *Freddie*

*By*

LOUISE G. DAVIES

Freddie was a manly little boy,  
As nice as he could be,  
But why he had to mind his mother  
Freddie never could quite see.

He strayed away from home one day  
Where he had been told to stay,  
And had so much trouble getting back  
That he decided to obey.

# One Stormy Day

By

VICKY SUDDARD

**G**UNARD was angry with the world. He was irritated to the extent that he didn't care whether the wind and waves, which were drowning out his angry words, would envelop him and the earth. With a tremendous rush he banged through the door and into the face of the wind-driven spray. Out across a stretch of wet sand and up to the boardwalk he stamped.

The waves were sweeping his feet from under him. There wasn't a soul but himself and the unusually angry sea. Gunard's growl mixed amiably with the roar of a thousand waves pounding at a million, white, wet sand particles.

With nothing in mind but his great irritation, Gunard raced the waves the length of the boardwalk and ran up a sand dune.

There he ground his feet into the sand, and in a moment of relaxation, he was knocked to the sand by a ton of swift, wet wind. Sand and seashells whirled around him and he hit at them. Wicked thoughts raced through his mind and the wind grew stronger and louder. Spray beat on his back.

The wind and waves battled with Gunard. Black clouds passed over him. Minutes grew into hours until he lost his energy as he stumbled on, and the storm lost its fury.

The sun came through the edge of a black cloud. Gunard sneered at the rosy spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour passed and the wind relaxed and became warmer, gradually drying Gunard's soaked clothing. The sky lost its black in a pale blue shade. Wisps of white drifted into sight. The sun came out in full view. The sand grew whiter. He drew his weary body upright. Swaying a little, he took a few steps.

Suddenly he paused. A feeling of shame filled his soul and he looked out at the gorgeous blue expanse of water and sky with its white and warm sun. He wandered down across the damp sand to the spongy boardwalk. Slowly back and forth he walked reluctantly yet definitely.

"Hello, Gunard."

"Hello. Ah, look, Bates, I'd like to apolo——"

"Forget it, Gunard."

"You mean it, Bates?"

"Sure." A pause followed, relieved by the lapping of babbly blue waves gently caressing the sand. "Say, you're about as stormy as the ocean there, aren't you?"

Both boys chuckled and went across the damp sand to a cottage.



# Mother

By

MARY HOOKE

You see mother as a lovely thing,  
About whom her children love to cling.  
You see her as a joyous elf;  
Never doing "just" for herself,  
You see her laughing and sparkling eyes  
To take earth's hardships with great surprise.  
You think her free from cares and woes  
And nothing of worries you think she knows.  
You see her beautiful, brave, and bold,  
But never see her thus until you have grown old.

But I—I see her otherwise  
An unknown fear within her eyes.  
She works and sings and never knows  
Where she is called and why she goes.  
Each mother sustains within her breast  
"A vague and infinite unrest."  
She goes about in still alarm,  
With heavy burdens in her arms,  
With longings that no tongue can tell,  
I see her thus, for I have none.



# Appraisal

By

MITCHELL FORREST LUCK

I met a man the other day  
Who likes me very much when I am gay.

I wonder if he'd like me when  
My mask is down and I can't pretend.

Methinks not!

What he wants is the rainbow's glimmer,  
And not a hint of the lightning's shimmer!

# An Early Morning Drive

By

BESSIE M. TAYLOR

A LONG drive lay ahead of us, but who minds a drive in the early morning before "Old Sol" goes on a heat rampage and everything seems fresh and beautiful after a night of quiet and peace.

One sees a countryside, just awakening, where all nature seems to be rejoicing in the coming of another day. Birds are singing their early morning anthems of praise, as if they, too, were glad to welcome back the sun with all its light and warmth. Many cows with frisking calves are moving slowly into green pastures. The roadsides are lined with wild flowers of many kinds and colors, while grape vines and wild honeysuckle fill the air with a wonderful fragrance. Amidst all this quiet, peace, and beauty one can but feel that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Then, off from the highway, in a field of golden grain, one hears the clatter of a mower. He sees swath after swath of wheat fall to the ground, and almost instantly he mentally sees another picture, that of human harvest fields and out of space a voice seems

to say, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Soon, too soon, all the peace and quiet of the country is passed, and its place is taken by the hustle and bustle of many cars, trucks, and people. Soldiers here and there among the crowds of men with anxious faces hurrying, are always hurrying.

Far up among the white clouds one sees the reflection of the sun on an airplane. He hears the hum of its motors as it moves off across the sky and out of sight, and offers a silent prayer: "Thank God your mission was not one of destruction."

The ride is almost over, and we find ourselves following a road that winds along among old and beautiful trees, where squirrels are busy looking for their breakfast and many kinds of birds are flying, singing as they go on their mission of love, seeking food for their young.

Suddenly, off in the distance we hear chimes. A clock has begun to strike the hour of eight, the car has stopped, and we realize that another day of summer school has begun at Mary Washington College.

*An Episode*  
*The Dandelion and The Bee*

*By*

MARY P. TREAKLE

She lifted high her wealth of gold  
That all the grasses might behold  
Her queenly crown.

In splendor like unto the sun  
She stood. Then there came one  
Who sought not gold.

Upon that golden crown he wiped his feet,  
Feasted on the hidden sweet,  
And gave no thanks.



*Today*

*By*

MARY P. TREAKLE

Today has brought some lovely things,  
The wide blue sky, a flash of wings,  
A burst of song, a little flower  
Opened by a sudden shower;  
The bright warm sun, a drifting breeze,  
And bits of green upon the trees.  
Today has brought me one more thing—  
A new-found friend—today I sing.



# Friends

By

MURIEL JORDAN

**F**RIENDS are one of the possessions which help make life beautiful. Everyone desires friends, but in order to have them one must be a friend to all. The making of friends is an art and a lifelong job. It is never wise to put off a thing until the last minute, and to delay the effort to make friends is to spend a life devoid of real friends. In acquiring friends one must remember two essentials: self-sacrifice and forgiveness. One has to be willing to give up the best, if necessary, for a friend, and he must be willing to forgive and forget wrongs and misunderstandings. Friendship, like all forms of love, should be on an equal basis of give and take, with the stress on the "give."

To be able to understand the difficult problems of one's friends, to share their joys and sorrows, is to develop a beautiful, lasting friendship. People

and conditions change, and one must be able to meet the natural changes in friends to retain their friendship. Sometimes through changing conditions, friends may drift away, but the memory of those friends will remain "a thing of beauty" and a "joy forever." There'll always be the memory of those friendships, and memories of such pleasant things are always a comfort—second only to the friend himself. In any event we profit greatly from the friendships.

Everyone welcomes a friend: so we do not have to look very far to find one who is willing to be a friend. Look upon people as friends, and more often they'll prove themselves to be such. A true and loyal friend will enrich and make more beautiful any life. One should take as his motto: "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."



## A Tribute

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Honaker,  
They make us proud of our college shop.  
Tom is long and Edith is short,  
But without doubt they're tip top.

What would the bright college shop be  
Without having Tom and Edith around?  
They feed us. They accommodate us without fee,  
And prove to be friends we have found.

# Childish Prattle

By

LILLIAN LAMBERT

ONE section of the town was very quiet. A large car bearing those of the immediate family had just driven away. Nurses and doctors were fighting death. Medical science had abandoned hope and the members of the family had been called to the hospital for the last farewell. Neighbors were seriously discussing the condition of the stricken one when a small child said: "I do hope Lucille's father won't die 'cause if he does, Lucille will move away and I won't have anybody with whom to play."



## *Love's Strategy*

By

MARY HOOKE

He shall not know I wept today  
Because my heart did yearn,  
Fearing I'd lost his love  
I had so dearly earned.  
He shall not know about my hurt,  
Or how my heart stood still;  
But he shall hear about the birds  
That sing down by the rill.  
When he comes happily up tonight  
Gay words shall greet his ears;  
I shall no longer doubt his love,  
I shall forget old fears.

## *Regret*

*By*

MARY HOOKE

The moon rose high tonight  
And tears filled my eyes.  
Why did I let him make that flight  
When my heart said, "What if he dies?"

\* \* \* \* \*

A year has passed since I saw that sight,  
And as the moon rose high tonight  
My heart in its sorrow seemed to say,  
"You failed your fellow-man that day!"

\* \* \* \* \*

To the end of my time I shall never forget  
That failure to serve breeds only regret.



## *Greetings, Bill*

Bill, what a blessing you are to us!  
You are always ready to assist everyone  
Without making a racket or a muss.

What a power of service and patience  
You are, and would have probably been greater  
If God had had more material out of which  
To have constructed for you bones, muscles, and sinew.



*Dedicated to the Memory*

OF THE LATE

Professor William N. Hamlet

*By those who knew and admired him*



A FAMILIAR CHARACTER is missing from the campus, Professor William N. Hamlet, known as "Uncle Peter." He had been associated with Mary Washington College since 1908, as head of the Mathematics Department. His years of usefulness were spent in the interest of the College.

So beloved was he by all who knew him that not even death could separate him from his friends on the hill. He saw life as an opportunity to serve others, to share what he possessed with others, and to teach his students the various facts and intricacies of mathematical procedures and how to apply them to their life activities.

His philosophy of life was wholesome, inspirational, and sound. His quaint sayings will live on in our memories. He was a philosopher, an adviser, and a loyal friend to all who knew him.

Life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone. "Readiness for death is that of character rather than that of occupation." Such was true of Mr. Hamlet.

Phone 1369

COLONIAL  
DRESS SHOP

909 Caroline St.  
Colonial Theatre Building  
FREDERICKSBURG

DOROTHY CHRISTY  
ANICE HASH

FOR  
CHOICE FOODS

*Efficiently Served*

GO TO

THE  
SOUTHERN  
GRILL

F. A. Soret, Prop.

*Thoroughly Modernized  
and Equipped*

JUDSON SMITH

*Official Photographer for the  
1940 Battlefield*

SPECIALIZES IN PERSONAL

Photographs  
*Hand-Colored Miniatures*

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR  
GROUPS

*Pictures for Special Occasions*

PRICES REASONABLE  
WORK SUPERIOR

MAIN STREET  
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Phone 523

SHELTON  
— and —  
TRUSLOW

●  
DRY CLEANING  
●

*Work Called For and  
Delivered*  
●

1006 MAIN STREET  
Fredericksburg, Va.

DRINK

*Coca-Cola*

*Delicious and  
Refreshing*



Coca-Cola Bottling  
Works, Inc.



AL F. KREGER  
*Manager*

JOSEPH  
— H. —  
ULMAN

●  
*"Feminine Fashions"*  
●

822 CAROLINE STREET  
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

WE MAKE  
Wedding Invitations  
*Announcements*  
48 Hour Delivery

~  
R. A. Kispagh's  
Stationery

The  
PALM GRILL

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Rangos  
Proprietors



1005 PRINCESS ANNE ST.  
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.



*Modern,  
Air-Conditioned Cafe*



The GOLDEN ROOM  
Service for Special Dinners  
and Banquets. : : : :

HILLDRUP  
TRANSFER

●  
*24 Hour  
Taxi and Freight Service*  
●

Phone 234  
WILLIAM STREET  
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

COMPIMENTS  
... of a ...  
FRIEND



COMPLIMENTS

... of ...

ULMAN'S

*Lifetime Jewelry*

---

COTTRELL & COOKE

INCORPORATED

PUBLICATION PRINTERS



1308-1310 EAST FRANKLIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

# RICHMOND GREYHOUND LINES

Operate the Newest Super Coaches with  
Perfected Air-Conditioning



They prove the low cost way to travel. Make  
your weekly or daily trip from Fredericksburg to  
Washington, and Richmond, and your less frequent  
trips to other points north, south, east, and west  
On these Comfortable Air-Conditioned

*GREYHOUND BUSES*

